PLAYING THE TUNE OF TRUTH ON THE "HARP OF LIFE"

Author of "The Harp of Life." HAVE been asked to write a few shows her teeth.]
introductory lines to excerpts Saxon [laughs]—There y'are! Now

and, most important of all, the creation of the chief part of Sylvia-Laurette Taylor.

Few who sit in front can realize how much she has contributed to the essentials that appeal in "The Harp of Life."

It is pleasant to have the opportunity of setting down here an approximation of my indebtedness.

I would indeed be ungracious were thanks to as loval a band of players se ever graced an author's work.

A Boy's Bringing Up.

[Marshall and Sylvia Brooke are a devoted couple who live in a country better. Pearls! [Shivers.] I've given home with their son Leonard. Marshall bucketsful. [Waves them away.] and acts like a woman many years Sylvia—I used to dread birthdays. I younger. That is because she has kept hated the idea that records were kept har youthful spirit by sharing the They have kept Leonard somewhat sheltered and they fancy that he knows nothing of the darker walks of life. His mother idolizes him. In the first act she tells Mrs. Hood, a caller, about

Bylvia-I've never believed in lying to children. It's not fair to them or yourself. [Turns back leaves of album to find a particular photograph. At that age he began to doubt Santa Claus. He couldn't understand how he could come down the chimney with all the presents. So I told him the truth before "the boy next door" could. He fretted for a few days. But I reasoned him out of it by asking him if he wouldn't rather know that his father and mother gave him all the pretty things instead of a long whiskered old gentleman he didn't even know. That cheered him up, and by the following Christmas he was quite reconciled to Santa Claus being a pleasant, childish

[Turns to leaves and points to another photograph.]

Bylvia—One day, when he was that age, he said: "Don't tell me the storks ring the babies, because I know they're all shut up in the Zoological Gardens. And if the doctor brings 'em, where does he get them?" I saw how his little brain was puzzled, and instead of evading the point, as most parents do, I decided to forestall "the some hideous way, and giving his mind the wrong outlook.

Mrs. Hood [horrifled]—What did

Sylvia—The truth. Mrs. H .- [aghast]-You didn't? Sylvia-Why not? Is there any more beautiful truth to tell than motherbetter I told my boy the great mystery of life as I feel it should be told to children—not as something to speak of in secret among themselves, but as the most marvellously beautiful thing in all nature? I taught him why a man always protected his womankind -because they were the mothers of They carried in them the little lives that afterwards peopled the world. I explained that the tiny baby, before it was born, took its life from the body of its mother, that it came life through the mother's pair and tears, and that because of that sacred and wonderful privilege that God had given to woman all men who were really men were always gentle and considerate and tender towards trying to grapple with its new woniers. In a few days the keynote of his future manhood stood revealed. He would watch me anxiously. Bring me footstool if I looked at all tired, and run for my slippers. I had taken on value in his eyes . . . I was not only his mother. I was a woman, the wonder woman, who

age he had learned what chivalry

[Closes album.] Sylvia-I sometimes wonder when I see women standing weary with their day's work in public conveyances whether, if, the men sitting stolidly and selfishly in their seats had been told in their childhood of the delicate hanism that constitutes womanhood, they would shame their manhood by remaining seated. The age of chivalry will never die so long as from the time a boy can first under stand life he is taught what mothersod is, and what is really meant by but fat-never, there's no poetry in

forth children. Even at that

Mrs. H. [grunts and shakes her such things. Nothing marvellous person. It's disgusting. about motherhood to me. The less said about it the better.

Sylvia [smiling, rises, goes to table behind sofa and replaces album]-The mothers don't glorify motherhood, who will? We should all be careful of the

Mrs. H .- What do you mean by "the boy next door"? There's no house

Sylvia [laughs]-Well, let us say the boy chum at school-the one who still play all his games. has learned something, which he whispers in a furtive way as if it leave.] were a thing to be ashamed of. That | Saxon—Dear Elizabeth! There goes | kind of distorted knowledge causes a the most advanced argument in favor child to look curiously, and in the of celibacy—sans beauty, figure, voice, wrong way, at his parents. Then it charity, womanliness.
is a thing to be ashamed of. I saved Brooke [laughing]-Leonard from that. He only saw the beauty and mystery of it.

On Married Life.

[Godfrey Saxon, a cynical, middle aged friend of the family, happens in.] Saxon [greets Sylvia] - Radiant, as always! Havin' a jolly birthday? Sylvia How did you know?

Saxon-A little bird whispered it. A chaffinch, my dear. [Takes out a bouquet from inside his coat.] So I cut hese off my prize bushes. [Sniffs the en hands it with a flourish to Sylvia.] To the fragrant! Bless

Sylvia [smiles]—Oh: It's very kind [Buries her face in the

from "The Harp of Life."

I feel they should take the form of grateful appreciation to the inspirer of the theme, of many of the speeches, of delicate side lights on the characters, precious little chicken? [Olive glances up at him with a faint smile, then lowers her eyes. He turns to Sylvia and Brooke.] The wonderful agebones and blushes!

Mrs. H. [angrily]-Oh!

Saxon [turns and sees her]-Ah, ha! I see ye! There! I knew ye wouldn't be far away. [Hurries to her and takes up her unwilling hand.] An' how's the careful hen?

Mrs. H. [snatching her hand away indignantly]- Careful what? Sylvia [coming to the rescue, shak-I not also to add my whole hearted ing her head reprovingly at Saxon and showing him the necklace}-God-

frey! Isn't that adorable? Saxon-What young man gave you

Sylvia [nodding toward Brooke]-My lover.
Saxon — He ought to have known better. Pearls! [Shivers.] I've given at times."

her youthful spirit by sharing the of our ages. A pain at twenty means sports and joys of her son, who is 19. nothing—at forty we fear appendici-

ye smile—show y'r teeth an' look happy.

Sylvia—I am, I do. [Laughs and shows her teeth.]

Sylvia—I am, I do. [Laughs and shows her teeth.]

Sylvia—I would be if I knew he had it in perfection. But have you tested his pity and his faith in you?

Mrs. V.—Yes.

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Mrs. V.—De you think I'd be fool one like this suddently become all one like this is measured.

Mrs. V.—De you think I'd be fool one like this. Sylvia!

Mrs. V.—De y

an hour away from you, and I can't understand Leonard doing it. Am I

forgiven? [relenting] - Of course. [Smiles.] You're a funny old dear. [To Saxon] No clubs! No gambling! No small graces for other women! Just me! I'm his virtue and his vice. Oh, the experiences this man has robbed me of!

[Saxon chuckles.] Brooke-What do you mean? Sylvia-When other men have admired me his supreme goodness has kept me straight.

Saxon-That isn't rot.

leave my side discouraged at his per- Sylvia—I don't want to talk t fection I've longed to cry out to him: as a mother, but as a woman. "Do come back. My husband beats me

Brooke-When you make these reve-

ing. [Pause.] He has nice regliar feat. And what has made it all the more tween dark and dawn when such as I ures, too! Takes after Pinkle. He's wonderful is that it has come at a havin' his fling, an' I'm footin' the time when the old one had grown unbills. Leonard hasn't started that bearable. Its meanness and tawdri-racket yet, has he? racket yet, has he? Brooke-He hasn't that kind of na- me

Two Kinds of Love.

ept me straight.

[Leonard is out all night. In the no deeper note in yours than grasping Brooke [to Saxon]—She does talk morning on his return he announces at what he brings you then in such a It appears that Mrs. Vorona's husband | Mrs. V.-Lost? Why lost? Sylvia-No indeed, they've realized has divorced her and that she is living

the same language.

Brooke—No.

Saxon—They are. You watch 'em.
Brooke—What are you going to do with your boy, Ormonde?
Saxon—Do with Ormonde? Noth—Leonard has opened a new life to me.

Ism left. He's restored my enthusiasm. beside me seeing beauty for the first time. Our days will be spent searching for beauty. And night will come as a blessing, not a curse Night! [Shud-Baxon—Do with Ormonde? Noth—Leonard has opened a new life to me.]

Sylvia Inods understandingly1-You want to use him to feed your soul. I

would give mine to feed his. There is a difference in our loves. If there is that he is about to marry Zeila Vorona. marriage my boy would indeed be lost.

Sylvia-Because if you always take rivalry wasn't possible this side of onder the protection of Saxon's son and never give you will miss the one heaven. When I've seen some Adonis Ormonde. Sylvia visits her.] real note of love. You would rob leave my side discouraged at his perlove in him-his youth, his idealism-Mrs. V .- You can't. We don't speak but you couldn't graft them on to your the same language.

Sylvia—We should. We both love one—least of all you!

me back to this?

Sylvia [goes over to her]—So you have told him? Mrs. V.-A good deal.

It's all over! Finished! Sylvia-How have you told him? three voices clash together. Finally Brooke puts his hand to Sylvia's arm and pleads almost in a whisper.] Brooke-Let us go. Come! outbursts.] Sylvia-Come, Leonard.

> on't you Ko' Leonard-I don't want to go. I want

> > pposition? Leonard—I love you. Mrs. V. [looks at Sylvia] - What

oyalty! Leonard [piteously]-You don't wan:

Leonard-I love you.

Mrs. V.-But your father said the

Leonard [very faintly]-I don't care [Mrs. V. looks across at Sylvia, Their

stained. All hope is gone. She looks frightenedly at her son.] Mrs. V. [a step up facing Sylvia and Brookel-You've all been speaking your minds very freely. I feel like

doing the same thing. Sylvia [going to Leonard and putting her arm protectingly about him |- No

Mrs. V.-I must.

Sylvia-Not now. Mrs. V.—Yes, now.

SYLVIA (MISS TAYLOR)

unlucky in my affections. In fact, very unlucky. I began about your age really a year younger—18. Your mother tells me you are only 19 (Leonard looks reproachfully at his mother, then lowers his eyes chamefacedly before Mrs. V.] I louthed the restrictions of home. At 18 I was impulsive, headstrong, impossible. I wanted more than anything to travel As my parents couldn't take me I had o find others who would. So at the delicate age of 18 I started wandering, Some one had to pay the bills 1 couldn't. So I made friends.

Leonard [faintly]-Men? Mrs. V.- Always. Women never

Leonard-You travelled with Mrs. V.-Yes. One took me som another East, a third through control Europe. While in Italy with the fourth or it may have been the said I've really forgotten for the moment Sylvia Yes, how? Have you done I met Vorona in Rome. All the actors completely? In order? Without ex- seemed content to separate and go tenuating anything? Have you told their own ways when we were m him in detail? In number—three, tually bored. He didn't. He install four, five, and so on through the list? on marrying me—just as you do. So Without sparing yourself? Have you my wandering ended and I settled beat it into his brain that he is the down-for a while. It didn't last very last of a number? [Mrs. V. rises and long. What happened after that yo faces Sylvia.] Or have you graced it know. Since my divorce I've been live

Mrs. V.-Had you chosen the rest faith in you, I want you to give him life we might have been pals. But to a bare, unvariashed history of facts, did speak sense; it couldn't have list There is a horrible nakedness about ed. What a mess you've made of your [Waits, Mrs. V. sits in chair below spirit—ob, my, what a time you conself! With your looks and style and sofa and makes no answer.]
Sylvia—I see you haven't. I'm other Lady Hamilton—or a Nei afraid you won't. [Goes nearer to Mrs. Gwynne gone down into history with the best of us instead of being chained

Sylvia [smiling]-Some women love adore my boy.

Mrs. V .- I know that. Why, you suffered more in this room in a few minutes than I have in my whole life That's why I gave Leonard up. No motherhood for me. [Langhing terly 1 Why, you've given all young pretty years in the action of two male tyrants. You poor thing' Sylvia-And your young to

Sylvia-How forlorn that must have you feel! Not to belong to any one but to every one! To have the world at your command while you're at healthy and radiant, and only a possible servant at your bedside when soulte known his tours the joy of making just one man completely yours. You poor thing! My dear, it's no visitely to hold a man for an hour, a day, a charm have done that. But if after

don't you think I have someth ng brag about? Mrs. V .- You're a famos person-Leonard and you seem to pope out of each other all over the place. Your both children. [Reflectively.] Mail, most of the great mistre-se- with

mothers.

Mrs. V .- You've missed your

Sylvia [shaking her bead]- No. 1 to found it. [Holds out her hand.] 6 d

Mrs. V.-Do you think He will?

Sylvia Because He dees stand. Mrs. V. [takes her hand] That s nice of you. Take care of Leonard

Mrs. V. [to Sylvia at door] Good Nell Gwynne, [Sylvia turns in doorway, smile back at Mrs. V. and goes quietly Mrs. V. stands tholking a mon-

gives a gesture as if trying to Sylvia's outburst, changes his whole miss the whole thing, moves a and aimlessly to a lounge, slowly her stands above her, his words come halt-ingly]—Sylvia! My dear! I was only head.]

to Sylvial Like hers. Mrs. H. [snorts angrily]-Rubbish! Eternal nothing. Saxon—I wish I'd found the secret

'm sure you do, too. Come, own up. I do. When hair leaves a man-[passing his fingers through his the truth? canty hairs] and fat creeps on to a woman- fpausing and looking at Mrs. H.] It's no use pretending. We know youth's gone. Romance can survive many things-poverty, disillusionment,

Mrs. H .- If I had a wooden leg. or a head disapprovingly |- It all sounds glass eye, no one would think of revery improper to me. I think it ferring to it. But people have no very improper to me. I think it ferring to it. But people have no shameless talking to children about thought for the sensitiveness of a fat

Saxon [Looking at Sylvia, who and you seem to like it. bakes her head disapprovingly. To Mrs. Hood, indicating Sylvia |-But she's marvellous, isn't she?

Mrs. H. [snapping]-Yes, she is [Maliciously]-for a woman of her time of life, with a grown son, Sylvia-Because we gain a child we needn't lose a figure. I think some people age more quickly than others

because they become parents instead of playmates. We're playmates. I [Mrs. Hood, Olive and Leonard

Saxon-Dear Elizabeth! There goe Brooke [laughing]-You don't leave

her much. Saxon-Not a damn thing. Sylvia -Please don't tease Elizabeth any more. It isn't nice. [Pats Brooke as he sits in chair at table.] I love

my present. Brooke [frowning]-I wanted you to wear it to-night. Sylvia-I will-at dinner.

Brooke-I mean at the theatre. It's most irritating, Leonard going away like that. Annoying. [defending Leonard]—He Sylvia doesn't do it often.

Brooke-But to-night! He's had too much of his own way. He Sylvia-We can't expect to keep him at home all the time, poor boy! Brooke-Still, to-night! Sylvia-Oh, nonsense! Den't

ways finding fault with him.

Sylvia-What do you think?

xactly the right answer for a hus-and. [Goes laughing out of the band.

Saxon-You've got a marvellous wife. Brooke-I know that. Saxon-This is the only home I go to that gives me a funny little stab here [touches his heart] where my

heart ought to be. You're henpecked. Brooke-I do. Whatever Sylvia does is always right. I put her first. She, womanlike, puts Leonard. I think she spoils him. She thinks he can't be spoilt. The only times we ever disagree are about him. And I always end by

giving in. Saxon-And very wise too! Happy is the man who has a wife worth giving in to! I wish I'd had one. Look what marriage made of me. A amned old mountebank!

Brooke [laughing]-Not at all. ossipy, old mountelank! Anything o afraid I'd be laughed at for marryin' her, that I laugh at every one-Brooke - Is she alive?

Saxon-Pinkie alive? Oh, yes. Still roamin' about, poor old thing. She's touched up her hair, squeezed in her married a wine man. Not bad fellow! Flashy little of rat! see 'em in the restaurants sometimes. Poor Pinkie! Gettin' fatter every minute. A couple of chins now. Back an' front cut very low. Have ye ever noticed that the older some women get the more decollete they like to be? Brooke-No, I haven't.

Brooke-I can quite see the reason the back is the last place to wrinkle Saxon-Exactly! Funny, ain't it? | tions; evidently she had some to destill. Nice reg'lar features! Have ye ever noticed that people with nice regular features are sometic irregular in their conduct?

lations, are you teasing me or telling the same boy. And between my love Mrs V .- What can you know of me? pay the debt of our glimpses of beauty and yours-if you really love him- I tell you I can look at the stars as by day. That's done! Brooke—I wender.

Mrs. V.—That's where you're wrong. life. I hate it. And he'll take me out faith will renew my youth and give Sylvia [patting his face]—That's I love his youth, his enthusiasm, his of it. [Pause. Vehemently] No more me back something of all I've lost.

Sylvin—So do I. Only I want him to jewels as a prize animal is with rib- But you can't understand that, eep them.

But you can't understand that, bons, facing the senseless beast who Sylvin—Why can't I understand. keep them. do that with me?

had just joined the line at one cashier's

Then I saw that she was pinning a

little roll of money into a pocket in

"I hated to draw it," she went on.

away in my stocking-but with every-

sitting on a bench, putting some

into an old tin strongbox. Like the

to be careful," and did not want to

lose her money on the way home.

of me a self-reliant looking woman.

a jewel flashing on the ungloved hand

creature to do?"

her petticoat with a rusty safety pin.

Mrs. V.—And you don't think he'll bought them and me. No more of Mrs. V .- Yes. I do, I've a little ideal- And I'll have a young, eager heart

THE CASHIER'S WINDOW TF one wants to study human nature "How will you have it?" the bank it is not necessary to go further clerk was asking. Evidently the woman did not know

than the nearest savings bank. I what he meant. "How will you have it?" The danwindow when a woman turned to me. per young man looked at her with "I've got to be careful," she said, steely blue eyes and his thin lips se Tve got to be careful not to lose it." after he had repeated his formula. The woman's distress was apparent

"I-1-don't know," she faltered. "How-will-you-have-it?" juestion was rapped out like a series I had saved it cent by cent-put it der it. of blows and the woman cowered un-The well dressed woman put her

thing so high as it is, what is a poor hand lightly on the arm of the other. "He means do you want your mone Another woman a few feet away one or in five or in ten dollar bills. looked up understandingly. She was she explained softly, and the woman gave her a look of gratitude as she turned to the clerk and said: "In fives, please, sir. I hope you'll first woman, she knew she had "got pardon me, sir; I didn't understand."

before the sleek young clerk, who leaned forward deferentially to do her bidding, she looked him over much as As I found myself third from the she might have studied any other cashier's window I noticed just ahead strange animal behind bars." "You don't know how you surprised with a richly fur trimmed coat and me," she said, smiling, as she handed him her book to have her deposit credthat held her bank book. The book ited. "It did not seem strange to held several bills of large denominaat all that a poor woman did not un-

Mrs. V .- The kind that believes in

God. At supreme moments in life, As the woman in furs took her place

derstand your jargon, but it did surposit, not to draw on her account. In price in the cashier man supposed to be capable of filing front of her and facing the cashier man supposed to be capable of filing without the cashier man supposed to be capable of filing me. If you have taught him the was a delicate looking little woman in your position was not quick witted me. If you have taught him the dinary black that told its double enough to see that the poor thing did in knowing that he is following it.

there can't be such a wide difference, well as he can. Don't think I like this need him! I need him! His love and Mrs. V.—That's where you're wrong. life. I hate it. And he'll take me out faith will renew my youth and give truth. Please do: if, knowing every-years? sitting in flashy restaurants hung with [Sylvia turns head away. Pause] Sylvia-Why can't I understand the

pursuit of one's lost youth? It's a the warmth and color of the East. But even youth itself cannot lead us back to our own lost youth. Mrs. V.-That may be-but Leonard loves me. See how strong your

motherhood is against that. Sylvia [excitedly]—I know strong my motherhood is against that. I know. Mother, father, honor, career nothing matters compared to the blinding happiness a stranger can bring him. Oh, it has always seemed to me that God has made it so unpurposed that no earthly tie can last so that we may be content to go to Him

in the end. Mrs. V. [sneeringly, looking at her] I thought you were that kind. Sylvia-What kind?

Sylvia [simply]-Don't you? Sylvia-I don't think you quite mean

Mrs. V .- I do mean it. Sylvia-No one can really doubt

birth, death, love, triumph-why do we quiver with living? Because a moment of eternity has come to us. When we love, God seems to look through the eyes of the loved one. A mother touches heaven in the sleep that follows the torture of birth. Any great grief or great joy brings an exaltation. We all seek those moments of divinity-of living intensely-beyond our bodies. You are seeking divinity through my son, and he is touched with the divine pity for you.

not, but he pities me and he loves me. If you have taught him the

and embroidered it and woven a silken ing here.

TEASES

HER HUSBAND

(MARSHALL

BROOKE)

PHILIP

PHILIP MERIVALE

movement of indignation.]

Sylvia—I want you to test my boy's

Wrs. V.—Had you cho

facts numbers.

eonard. I'm helpless against you. I up. know that. Yet I taught him to walk. to talk, to think. I've been nineteen-their chains. I love my husband, I years forming a man. You've known im a few weeks. You think he's been created by God and reared by me just for your redemption. Alas, my faith in him does not reach so far. To do that a man must have not only pity and charity but, above all, understanding and all the divine qualities. Time Finished! I and suffering only can give him those, [Takes Mrs. V.'s hand.] Tell him the thing, his knowledge strengthens his love, I'll give in, I'll be reconciled.

[Sits.] I'll be reconciled. (Leonard and his father enter, and when the latter learns the real characthat. I'll dream all my old dreams in thing any one past 30 can understand. ter of the woman his son has engaged himself to marry he is furious.]

Brooke [livid with rage, to Leonard] How dare you think of bringing such to man's pleasure and never to have Leonard [in blind fury]-Don't you say a word against her!

Brooke-From her own confession there is only one word you can use. Leonard-Don't say it! Don't say it! Brooke-So this is the wife you have hosen! You come from a woman like that to your home! You even copy her garish stuff and sneak it into my house on the pretext that it is artistic! You young whelp! You dare to offer your own mother the trappings of a common, ordinary---

Leonard [rushes at Brooke, his clenched fist raised as if to strike him] If you dare say it I'll-Brooke-You ought to be thoroughly

beaten, you-Sylvia Igoes quickly between them, puts her arm protectingly round

Leonard and cries distractedly] Don't you call my boy names! Don't blame him for this! If you didn't choose to tell him about life and he's made a mistake, don't turn found now and abuse him. [To Leonard hysterically.] Leonard, you're perfectly free to do whatever you wish. Marry her if you like. Anything. Only don't ever say you never want to see me again. Don't say that. Don't think it. Because you're everything to me everything. [Completely breaks down and sits on sofa crying and sobbing.]

Leonard [half hysterical] - Don't. mother, dont! I didn't mean it. Brooke [amazed at the fury of manner, goes to her to try to calm her.

to him. Nothing. It was only because you were hurt. I couldn't bear to see that. [To Leonard.] Do what you please, Anything. [To Sylvia.] There: [All through the speech Sylvia selection between his sentences. Occasionally Leonard tries to speak. At times the [Both go up to door and look around at Leonard, who turns away from them and looks at Mrs. Vorona, bewildered by the rapidity of the emotional [Leonard does not move.] Mrs. V. [to Leonard] - Well, why

o stay. I love you! [Brooke makes angry movement.]

Mrs. V .- Still? Leonard-Yes. I will always. Mrs. V .- In the face of such family

me to go?
Mrs. V.—But your parents?

yes meet. Sylvia is wan and tear

No! Not now! I didn't know he cared so much. I won't have Leonard tortured.

[Leonard releases himself from he mother's grasp and turns to Mrs. V. Sylvia sits on end of lounge, Brooks sits on lounge above her.]

Mrs. V.—Leonard, I've been rather

much use for me.

mesh of words around it? Which have you done? Which will you do? [Pause. Mrs. V. turns away with a outburst. So does his father. The two

year. Many women of little talent twenty years of married life a more still says, "You wonderful woman

Sylvia [smiling] So are all a at

tion.

bless you! Sylvia Yes, of course. Mrs. V. feuriouslyl Ways

Sylvia I will. (Goes to door I

